2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way. Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kaingáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *nggign* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *nggign*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *thó*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-